

Scully gave Mulder an imperceptible glance. Although he maintained a neutral expression, she could tell he wasn't too thrilled about the news.

Great! He thought sourly. Just what we need! Another agent to have to babysit!

"Send him in, Holly," Skinner barked through the intercom to his secretary, and a moment later, the door opened and a short, balding, middle-aged man in a tan trenchcoat stepped into the office. He had a round, innocent-looking face, a pair of horn-rimmed glasses perched on his bulbous nose.

He smiled politely as he stepped around Mulder and Scully, then proceeded to stand beside AD Skinner's desk with his hands clasped in front of him.

Scully thought he seemed much too timid to be an F.B.I. Agent, while Mulder had the funniest feeling he was looking at the world's first and only living clone of Elmer Fudd.

Skinner rose from his chair. "Agents Mulder and Scully," he announced, introducing them, "I'd like you to meet Me."

A slight frown creased Scully's brow as she and Mulder rose from their seats.

"It's always a pleasure, sir," Mulder chuckled, extending his hand to Skinner. "But, uh, don't I know you?"

"Not me--me!" Skinner growled, slapping Mulder's hand away. "Me--him!" He gestured to the short man standing beside his desk. "Agent Buford Me."

Scully had to bite her lip to keep from smiling. Agent Me? Cute.

"Ohhhh..." Mulder cried, his mouth open as he stood looking from Skinner to the agent. A slow smile spreading across his face, he turned to the balding man and extended his hand. "Fox Mulder," he said with a nod. "How's it goin', Me?" The two exchanged a brief handshake. "Welcome aboard, Agent Me," Scully said politely as the agent came toward her and timidly took her hand.

"Please," Me smiled shyly. "Call me Me. When I was a kid, I even made my parents call me Me."

That makes two of us, Elmer, Mulder thought to himself.

"Okay, let's get down to business," Skinner said gruffly after the amenities were dispensed with and everyone was seated. "We've had reports of some strange activities happening down at that old abandoned warehouse out on Country Road North," he explained. "Some sort of a cult may be using it as their home base--you know--a place to perform rituals and maybe do a little drug smuggling in between chant sessions."

"Mulder," he said, "I want you, Scully, and Me to set up a surveillance out there later on tonight--see what you can find."

"You mean you're coming too, sir?" Mulder questioned.

"Not me!" Skinner snapped, jerking a thumb in Agent Me's direction.
"Him!"

"Oh, uh, right!" Mulder muttered sheepishly. "I keep getting my Me's mixed up."

"We'll plan on getting out there right after dark, Sir," Scully stated with her usual aplomb.

"Good," Skinner said dismissively, then pushed back his chair and stood up, their cue that the meeting was over. "You have your orders," he nodded. "Good luck, agents. I'll be waiting to hear from you."

"Sure thing, sir," Mulder affirmed. Then, the three agents rose and left the office.

"Hey, Scully," Mulder nudged her as they walked out into the hallway. "I'm starvin'!" he grinned. "How 'bout grabbin' some breakfast with me? We've got plenty of time."

"You buyin'?" Scully quipped. "Actually, a cup of coffee would hit the spot right now," she sighed. "What about Me?"

"Huh?" Mulder narrowed his eyes at her. "Scully, uh, not to be argumentative or anything, but...I just asked you."

"I know," she nodded. "But don't you think you should ask Me along?"

Mulder sucked in a breath, slightly flustered. "Oh...kayyy," he groaned. "Let's do this again, shall we? Scully, would you like to have breakfast with me?"

"And I said 'yes,' the first time you asked, Mulder," she said, her voice rising ever so slightly. "Exactly what part of that didn't you understand?"

"Scully, I think you're the one who's a bit confused here," Mulder remarked.

"Oh, uh, excuse me, uh, guys?" Agent Me piped up timidly. He was standing off to the side waiting for them, fidgeting uncomfortably and trying not to eavesdrop.

Hesitantly, he went over to them. "Look, uh, why don't we go get some coffee?" he suggested brightly, "and then we can discuss our plans for tonight."

"Well, at least somebody's making some sense around here," Mulder said huffily.

"Oh, you're right, Mulder," Scully agreed sarcastically, her brow arched. "And it isn't you."

Afternoon 3:00 p.m.

While Scully was out interviewing a potential witness for another case they were working on, Mulder was seated at his desk finishing up some paperwork and getting better acquainted with Agent Me.

"Gee, Mulder," Agent Me sighed, a look of admiration on his face. "Such perfection. How do you get those pencils up there?"

"Oh, it's like any other skill, I guess." Mulder shrugged nonchalantly. "It takes practice. Yep...and believe me, Me--" he added, tapping a freshly-sharpened pencil against his desk--"I know just what you mean about the name thing. I hate my first name, too," he admitted ruefully. "Even my mother calls me Mulder."

"Yeah, I hear ya, man." Me said softly.

Just then, Mulder's phone rang.

"Excuse me, Me," Mulder said, and quickly picked up the receiver.

"Mulder."

"Hi, Mulder, it's me."

"Me?" He frowned. "It can't be Me. Me's standin' right here."

"Not that Me, Mulder!" Scully gritted through her cell phone. "Me--me!"

"Oh, it's you!" Mulder said, realization in his voice. "Hey, how's it goin', Scully?"

"Well, old Mrs. Crumplemeyer was about as helpful as I expected, which wasn't much, but she still insists a large, hairy creature stole her apple pie right off the windowsill."

"Obviously, we have a werewolf with a sweet tooth on our hands," Mulder said seriously.

"Now that's exactly what I was thinking," Scully said wryly. "So, Mulder," she added offhandedly, "How are you and Me getting along?"

"Mulder felt himself blushing. "Gee, Scully," he grinned, lowering his voice. "Do you really think we should discuss this now? I mean, we'll have plenty of time to talk about us later."

Scully let out a loud groan. "Mulder!" she snapped. "I'm hanging up now! Tell Me I said hello." "Okay." Mulder said. "Scully, you said hello--" A second later he heard a loud click. Jeez! Mulder thought. Was it something I said?

Abandoned Warehouse Country Road North (wherever that is) 11:00 p.m.

"Okay, here's the plan," Mulder explained quietly as he, Scully, and Me stood in the inky darkness outside the warehouse. "We're gonna go in and have a little look-see."

A few minutes later, they crept carefully through the door, which, Mulder had discovered earlier, had been left unlocked. (Totally unrealistic, of course, but very convenient)

The warehouse was eerily quiet, and there appeared to be no one in sight. Mulder swept the beam of his flashlight around, illuminating the dusty interior. There were a number of large cardboard cartons stacked around the perimeter, and in the center of the floor there were several rows of long, wooden benches, resembling church pews. He thought he detected a faint, fowl odor in the air, like the stench of decapitated chickens. There had definitely been some frying going on in here.

"All right," Mulder whispered. "Let's split up. Me, you take that side," he ordered, nodding his head in one direction.

"Right." Me said, and quickly set off to start snooping around.

"Oh, uh, Scully--you better go with Me." Mulder advised, then quickly turned and started going in the opposite direction. He took a few steps, then heard another set of footsteps dogging his. Frowning, he stopped and turned around, and nearly collided with Scully.

"Scully," he said with a frown. "What are you doing?"

"The Tango." She said, dead serious. "Mulder, what does it look like I'm doing?"

"Scully, I asked you to go with Me." Mulder said.

"I know that." she remarked. "I'm right here."

"Obviously, you misunderstood." Mulder shot back, trying to keep the edge out of his voice. "Do you really think it's wise to leave Me alone, with no back-up?"

Scully blinked at him, perplexed. "Why, no...of course, not, Mulder..." Her voice trailing off, she shrugged her shoulders helplessly.

"Scully," he sighed. "Don't worry about me. I can take care of myself."

Scully stared at him. "But you just said--"

"I see you're not going to be satisfied until Me gets into trouble." Mulder said crossly, putting his fist on his hip.

What?! Scully was nonplussed. "Mulder, what in God's name are you talking about?" she hissed. "And by the way, your grammar is atrocious!"

Mulder's eyebrows shot up. "Oh, so now you're insulting my grandmother!" He shook his head. "Could you possibly stoop any lower?"

Scully's blue eyes bulged as if they were going to pop out of her head. "Are you insane? I didn't insult your grandmother!" she cried.

"I don't even know your grandmother!"

"Scully, you said my grandma's atrocious!" He fumed. "I wouldn't exactly call that a compliment!"

Scully slapped a hand to her forehead, her blood starting to boil. She was going to take a deep breath, count to twenty...and throttle him on the spot!

"Mulder," she gritted, her patience stretched to the limit. "Do me a favor--"

"Why should I do Me a favor?!" He broke in, cutting her off in mid-sentence. "What'd he ever do for me?" Suddenly, a sly look came over his face.

"Oh...I get it," He nodded, his voice rising in accusation. "So...you like Me...is that it?"

Scully felt like her cheeks had caught fire. She quickly averted her gaze. "Well...uh, yes, Mulder...I do." she stammered, embarrassed. Boy, did this come out of left field or what?

"I see," Mulder mumbled tersely, his fist clenching around his flashlight. "So, uh, how long has been this going on, Scully?"

"A long time, Mulder," She admitted softly. "Probably from the first day we met."

"Really," he remarked, a muscle jumping in his cheek. "And, uh, just when did you meet Me?"

Scully's face fell. "Mulder, how can you even ask me a question like that?"

"Oh, so in other words, mind my own business, right!?" he snapped, answering his own question. "Scully, are you in love with Me?"

"Oh, Mulder--I...yes..., " she sighed. "Very much."

"Hmm." he murmured, and stood chewing his lower lip furiously, jealousy lodged in his gut like a three-day-old burrito. The woman he loved beyond reason--beyond life--had just ripped his heart out and was doing the flamenco on it.

"Does Me know about this," He croaked, his voice as dry as a lizard's tongue.

What? Scully's face crinkled. He seemed to be having a pronounced problem with his pronouns. "Mulder," she sighed, "How else can I say it?"

"Great! He snorted, flinging a hand in the air. "This is just great! For the last six years you've spent practically twenty-four hours a day with me," he cried, "and all along you're in love with him!"

Him? Scully was flabbergasted. "Him who?!" "Me!" Mulder shouted, his voice echoing through the empty warehouse.

That's it! Scully thought. In two seconds, she was simply going to shoot him. No court in the world would convict her--because no one in their right mind could possibly understand what the hell he was talking about!

"Mulder," she said calmly, addressing him as though he were a complete idiot, "maybe I didn't make myself clear. Now, I want you to look at me, and listen very carefully. Read my lips. "I, Scully,"--she said, pointing to herself, "love you, Mulder," she stressed, shoving her index finger into his chest. "Raise your hand if you don't understand."

Mulder's face lit up, and he broke into that lopsided little-boy grin that never failed to get her heart galloping. "You do?" He sighed. "Oh, Scully...I love you, too--"

"Hey, guys! Look what I found!" they heard a voice call out. Startled, they both spun around and saw Agent Me running over to them. Shit! They thought, exchanging a look of alarm. They'd forgotten all about him!

The short, balding Agent came up to them and proudly held out his discovery: a fat, orange striped-tabby cat. The cat glared at them sullenly (this was one sour puss) with its big, greenish-gold cat eyes, clearly miffed at having his territory invaded by these three interlopers.

"I hope you frisked him." Mulder said dryly. "Well, hi, cutie," Scully smiled, and as she reached out to give the cat a little scratch behind the ears, the damn thing swung its paws at her, and tried to bite her hand. Then it curled back its lips, exposed its sharp little fangs, and let out a ferocious hiss, the likes of which would've had Dracula cowering in fear.

"Ooh! He's a feisty one!" Scully remarked, then noticed the killer kitty was wearing a collar, attached to which was a cutesy name-tag in the shape of a cat's head.

"Hold him still, would you, Me?" Scully asked. Grasping the tag gingerly between her thumb and forefinger, she shined the beam of her flashlight over it and began reading off the inscribed information:

"HELLO. MY NAME IS FOX THE CAT."

Scully turned to Mulder with a cheshire cat grin. "I don't know, Mulder," she shrugged, "he doesn't seem to have a problem with the name." "Very funny." Mulder sneered, then slapped a hand to his head. Why Me..?

"Well, I think I'll see that, uh..." "Fox" here is returned to his owner." Agent Me offered. "I love animals," he added.

Yeah, you do that, Mulder said to himself as Agent Me turned and left, cooing to the cat in soft, gentle tones. He was expecting the guy to start singing "A hunting we will go." In fact, Mulder had since changed his mind and was now convinced Agent Me was, in fact, the real Elmer Fudd, and not a clone--especially after seeing the guy whip out a monogrammed hanky which just happened to have the initials "E.F." embroidered in the corner.

"Hey, Scully." Mulder gave her an impish grin and tucked her arm in his. "What do you say we blow this joint and go split us a nice, juicy pizza with the works?"

"Hmm." Scully murmured. "Sounds great. I can be bought, you know," she teased, raising her eyebrows. "What about Me, uh--wait!--I mean Agent Me?" Dear God! She wasn't ready to go through all that again!

"Oh, we'll drop him off on the way," Mulder shrugged. "Besides, I think he'd rather have rabbit."

End. xx The role of "Fox the Cat" was played by none other than my cat "Fox." Feedback is craved and always answered.

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